



Five



20 0 1

Chapter 1 by Ellie Incoll

I cringe, as the last needle pierces the skin in my bicep and instantly relax as the cool liquid flows into my blood stream. I move my long hair away from the small spot left on my skin. In a fortnightly cycle, I visit Doctor Stanley, and he notes down how imperfect I am. Doctor Stanley stops scribbling down notes, I glance over at him and his eyes widen in shock. He shuffles over to his desk and picks up the phone while his chubby fingers punch in the numbers.

"You have to see this! Phoebe's test results came up code Five!" Doctor Stanley yells into the phone in a hurry for another doctor to come down. My heart beats as loud as the thumping footsteps coming from upstairs as people rush to see what's wrong. I cower into the corner of the bed as a monolithic man enters with concerned look on his face. He looks at the results from my test and grabs a needle filled with a dark purple liquid.

"What is it?" I scream at him and try to get as far away as possible from him. He nods as to say that no more questions shall be answered.

"This won't hurt a bit..." He says in a deep voice just before he plunges the needle into the side of my neck. All the muscles around the puncture site, tense and scream for help.

"Good luck!" Says Doctor Stanley, in a worried voice, as all shadows seem to become darker and darker as I become less aware of my surroundings. I shudder and let my thoughts run free as fall into a deep sleep.

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When I wake up I am in the middle of a field. Corn surrounds me on all sides. I start to walk down the worn path when the a gust of wind starts to blow the corn around. I brace myself against the wind, but it just gets harder and harder not to be blown off my feet. The corn wips wildly in the wind and some pieces blow high into the sky. I can't hold on any longer. My whole body is violently thrown into the sky and everything goes black.

I can't breath. I am sinking sinking going down down down. I try to take a breath and water fills my lungs. Everything is black all around me and I can't tell which direction is up toward the surface. I thrash around trying to get just a breath of air, trying to feel just the brush of something tactile. Suddenly, my feet hit something solid.

I am in my childhood home. The light shines through the windows with sunny yellow curtains that dance in the breeze. The scratched wooden table is covered in paper and random objects. I glance around the room and spot my mother. She smiles and says "You shouldn't have come home." I am confused. Still smiling sweetly she pulls a gun out of her pocket. I back away and my back hits the table. She shoots me in the chest and I watch as the crimson blood explodes over my white hospital gown. She shoots me again a few inches to the left and I feel nothing. Her eyes are still warm and happy when she takes the gun to her own head.

Then I wake up again. "Mom...no..." I say groggily. I hear Doctor Stanley talking to someone on the phone again.

"She has woken from the simulation."



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